Beatrice Fairfax Writes of Problems in Life and Love for Times Readers

By Beatrice Fairfax.

TONE of us really appreciate our blessings sufficiently and it is only when we see someone who lacks one or more of the things we thoughtlessly take for granted, that we realize how fortunate we are just to be alive and well and possessed of an even chance in this game called life. A little lame girl writes a letter which I reproduce. It is a plea that life shall not take away other

things just because it is has taken So far her experience has been that because fate has been unkind to her in one respect, life exacts many other sacrifices. Some of

them too great. After you read this, won't you take stock of your friends and acquaintances and see if you know any little lame girls who might like to be taken to a party, to the theater, or a concert, or automobiling?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

You always seem to see a way out of every difficulty which is presented to you, but I am afraid there is none for me, except to try my best to be content and happy through longing for the pleasure which other young girls of my age enjoy. My problem is "How to be happy, though lame." I have been told that I was very pretty and attractive, so my only difficulty is that I am slightly lame, but it seems that every one notices the limp, and thereby I am caused a good deal of unhappiness. If people would only learn that those that have some defect do not want to be reminded of it and to be pitied or anything of the kind, those people would not so often unintentionally bring a heartache to the afflicted ones. got hurt when a child and have een somewhat lame every since, so though of a disposition to enjoy all kinds of pleasure, I have seen debarred automatically by everybody taking it for granted that being lame makes me unable to participate, when really I am active enough to do most anything other people can. In conclusion, I wonder if there are any boys who do not consider lameness a detriment to a girl's attractive-

ness as a companion. "AN UNFORTUNATE." Dear little "Unfortunate," don't sign yourself that way and don't think that way. "'Unfortunate" up to now, perhaps, but who knows but what your cavaller is already on his way, coming to you with a heart full of love and a desire to make up to you for what accident has done to you!

Let me tell you a secret-the most beautiful loves and the finest devotions in the world have been givn to women afflicted even more sorely than you.

Recall Elizabeth Barrett Browning and the love, "which passeth all understanding," which she inspired in the heart of her poetlover and husband, Robert Brown-

was shot and fatally

wounded by her husband,

Edward McDonald, alias George A.

Gilette, in the corridor of the fifth

floor of the Colorado building here

on May 24, 1811, Washington for

many months watched the devel-

opment of one of the most compli-

times. She was taken to Emergency

Hospital, where she died a short

time later. When taken into cus-

tody the husband was standing

over the body of his wife, revolver

in hand. He declined to reveal his

identity, but his name was learned

through a sister of Mrs. McDonald,

who was in the building at the

When the sister told Policeman

W. J. Creamer, who was holding

McDonald, of his name, the wife-slayer made an attempt to break

Mrs. McDonald was shot three

cated slaying cases in its history.

Twice-Told Tales of

Washington

An invalid with the most fragile tenure on life, Mrs. Browning was loved as few women are loved in this sorry old world-and that love came, too, as yours may come, after she had come to think that such an experience was not for

This is a fact which few people realize. It is not what people do for us which makes us love them. It is what we do for them-how much of ourselves we give to them. I have always noticed that the more a man does for a woman, the more he seems to care for her. That is the explanation of something that in almost every neigh-

borhood seems Inexplicable. We see it every day-a strong, healthy woman who waits on her husband, hand and foot and elicits only a grudging return. And just around the corner is an invalid. wife, perhaps, to whom her husband gives the greatest devotion and surrounds with the most

painstaking care. One of the most beautiful of latter day romances is that of the martyred President McKinley and his idolized invalid wife. If is devotion to her was one of the finest things in the man's life and one of the things which always brought forth the greatest admiration for

Mrs. McKinley, as I hear the story, suffered an injury to her following the birth of a She became practically helpless. I remember a well-known newspaperman telling me of wit-nessing an example of the ex-President's devotion.

The newspaperman was then a cub reporter. He was assigned to interview McKinley when that important individual arrived at the railway station.

And this young reporter relates that his first sight of the man was as he carried his invalid wife into the railroad station and made her

Reception committee, political leaders, reporters-all and sundrystood aside and waited while the great man did what to him was greater than anything in his pub-lic life—the ministering to his wife's comfort.

And when friends rushed to his side that ill-fated day after the assassin's bullet had found its mark, his first spoken word was of that dearly beloved wife-an admonition been shotreach her ears.

Even as the man died his last thought was to spare her the great grief he knew his end would cause. So, little girl with the heavy heart, your beaux may not be as numerous as those of the girls about you. You may not be the oject of as many passing fancies, but if you keep the dear, sweet disposition so evident in that letter of yours and make the best and most of yourself meanwhile, I have the feeling that love will come some day-a real love, really worth while.

Broad Scarfs the Mode for Cold Weather Little Tricks in Trade

30 Says Good Housekeeping, an Authority on Matters of Dress and the Household.

For the young girl or for tailored wear, the short scarf with one end thrust through a slit will again be the seal, mole or squirrel, as illustrated in the centre. To the left is a close-fitting corsage of other fur and a skirt of gray the right a hat of brown velvet in a new shape. It is turned up squarely in front brown feather.



The Love Gambler

Desiree Explains to Her Aunt About the Pendant and Gets a

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

Author of Hany Novels and One of the Country's Best Known Writers

ESTREE'S restless mood did not abate as the day wore on. She had been to her father's office, then to the jeweler's to explain Smith's absolute innocence in the matter of the supposed theft of the pendant. Yet, after luncheon was over and she had tried in vain to write letters, then to read, she was forced to acknowledge that she was too "fidgety" to sit still.

"I will run around to see Aunt Adelaide," she decided, "and tell her that my pendant is safe here in my jewelry case." Thus it came about that as Mrs.

Duffield was about to partake of her 5 o'clock tea her niece walked in. The widow greeted her affectionately. "My dear, this is nice of you!

Sit down and take a cup of tea with "I will sit down, but I will take no tea, thank you," Desiree said. She paused for a moment, then drove straight to the point.

"Auntie, my pendant was not stolen at all. I said all along it Mrs. Duffield gasped. "You mean you have found it?" "Yes. It was put away in a

leather case instead of in the little box where I thought it was." (The automobile pocket was leather and a case. Desiree reflected. This statement would obviate the necessity of further explanations.) "But who put it there?" Mrs. Duffield asked.

"Norah. "Oh, my dear, how dreadful!" the widow sighed. "Dreadful? Why?"

"Because it is dreadful to think that all of us suspected Smith"-"All of us!" Desiree interrupted; "I never suspected him. You must surely recall how I begged father not to doubt him-and how I declared to you that Smith was hon-"Yes, yes, dear-I know you did,"

the older woman soothed. "But what I mean is-It is dreadful to think that other people got the idea . that he had stolen the thing." She got no further. "Other people? What do you mean?" Desiree questioned. "What other people?" Mrs. Duffield saw, too late, her

"Oh, well," she tried to evade the question. "I only thought that perhaps others might have some dea of the matter."

"How could they? Who would tell them about it?" was the abrupt demand. Then, as Mrs. Duffield colored uncomfortably, Desiree pressed her inquiry further. "What have you in mind, Aunt Adelaide? I know from your manner that you are keeping something back. Who knew about the pendant-except you and father and me?" Mrs. Duffield squirmed in her

chair. "I suppose I may have been indiscreet, my dear-but I took it for granted that you had told Helen Goddard about it-so I mentioned it to her. And she"-desperately-'she_I am straid from somethin she said that she may have spoken of the matter to Mr. Jefferson."

Desiree sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing, "You mean, Aunt Adelaide, that in spite of all father's cautions to silence on the subject you spoke of it to Helen?" "Yes, Desiree, for I supposed that naturally you had told her about it, since you and she are friends."

Puss In Boots, Jr. By David Cory.

THE next morning the good ship came in sight of an old seaport. The harbor was very safe, for a tall white lighthouse stood upon the rocks to guide the sallors, and bellbuoys clanked their solemn warning to keep away from the dangerous reefs. In the distance rose a church spire, and near it stood a little red schoolhouse with a fing flying in the breeze. Down on the wharf ran a low row of buildings, worn and battered, where the old sailors lounged and told stories of their early days,

Pretty soon the good ship came about, and with her silken sails flapping in the wind, drifted up to the dock "Make fast," shouted the captain.

The four and twenty little sailor mice jumped nimbly on the dock, and in a few minutes made the silk ropes fast to the posts. Then the good ship came to a standstill, and the gangplank was lowered. "All ashore that's going ashore!" quacked the captain.

"Oh, Captain Duck," cried Puss, ir., "we don't have to land, do we?" "No," replied the Duck. "But you may go ashore for a little while if you wish. We don't sail for two

"All right!" replied Pusa. "Til take a run on the grass," and he walked down the gangplank across

the old wharf, until he came to a path, well worn by the sailors who for years had carried the cargoes up to the little village. Under a tree close by sat an old sailor. He was smoking a big black pipe as contentedly as could be. But as soon as he saw Puss he took it out of his mouth. "Ahoy, my breezy little reefer,"

he cried. "Good morning," replied Puss. "Don't be in a hurry," said the old sailor, "Just moor your little bulk alongside of old Tom." "What's the matter, my breezy little skipper?" asked the old sailor after a few minutes silence, for, Puss you see, didn't know what to

"Nothing," replied Puss sadly, famous Puss in Boots." "What did he looks like?" asked the old sailor, with a grin. "He looked like me-or, rather,

looked like him," replied Puss. "Well, my merry little sandpiper!" cried the old sait, "You should have stayed at home!" "I don't agree with you," said Puss stoutly. "I wanted to see the

"Give me your flipper," said the old sailor kindly. "Good luck to ye. I hope you find your daddy." And in the next story you should hear what happened after that. (Copyright, 1919, David Cory.) (To Be Continued.)

of Household Economies By Washington Women

epolics reserves. In fact I think everyone is rather looking forward

to the serving of the other half. Since one-half cost \$1.99, you see

it provided meat for four meals—a

cost of 50 cents a meal for meat

thinking this is an awful dose of ham, but I warned you, you remem-

ber, that it would be futile to read

further unless you were devoted to

the succulent ham in all its ramifi-

I am giving tested recipes for

the ham croquettes and timbales:

To one and three-quarter quips

of chopped cooked ham (the

amount will vary according to the

number of persons to be served),

salt and pepper to season, a tea-

spoon of lemon juice, few drops

of onion juice and a cup of Thick

White sauce. Mix in the order

given, Cool, shape, crumb and fry in deep fat. Drain thor-

For the timbales, take two tablespoons of butter, a half cup

of stale bread crumbs, two-thirds

cup of milk, one cup chopped.

cooked ham, two eggs, salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter.

add bread crumbs and milk and

cook five minutes, stirring con-

stantly. Add ham and the eggs,

slightly beaten. Season and make

into buttered individual molds,

the molds to be two-thirds full.

set in a pan of hot water. Cover

with buttered paper and bake

twenty minutes. If you like, you may serve Bechamel sauce with

these, although the sauce is not

Contributions are already Segia-

ning to come in and I hasten to se-

lect the best suggestions to pass on.

So far, emphasis is being laid on

home baking and home preserving

and I believe these women whose

letters follow are quite right, for

whereas it seems just as cheap to

buy baker's food, it is a fact that homemade stuff seems to go fur-

I do all my own canning of fruits

and vegetables, and also al lof the cooking. Never bought a can of pre-pared food that I could prepare at home. I do all of my own baking.

and I figured that I can do it at one-

half the cost of buying all of it.

If I bought all my bread for a month

it would amount to \$7.50, while

when I bake it myself the cost was

I do all my own sewing and have

good success at it. For myself I get

a pattern to fit and then proceed

with directions. I learned to saw

since I married. I intend to make

me a new dress of a used wool

dress and combine it with crape de

chine. The dress will cost me \$3.

I don't hire any help unless in

case of sickness, but I get all the

labor-saving machines we can af-

ford and pay for them instead of

paying wages, as girls only stay as

and I'll haven new dress for fall.

ries from \$3.25 to \$3.75 a month

Mrs. F. H. S. writes:

Perhaps some of the readers are

for three persons.

By Elizabeth Latimer. LL persons who are not fond of ham (HAM in capital letavoid reading this article on household economy, for I warn you, in advance that it is to be a glorification of ham and nothing else. From start to finish, it pre-supposes an appetite-almost a passion-for

If you like ham and want to cut down your meat bills, why don't you try this arrangement next week? In the markets you can buy a well known and "tasty" brand of ham for 36 cents a pound, by buying the whole ham. As you know it costs 60 to 70 cents a pound if you merely want a slice for broiling. If you're real fussy, you can pay 43 cents a pound for supposedly superior grade.

If you smile at your butcher, he will cut your ham in two for you, thus saving yourself the trouble of sawing the bone and achieving at the saame time a much more tailored job of carving than the average woman could accomplish. Have him cut so that one piece will be somewhat larger than the other and from the larger piece have him slice a nice thick slice. The size of the whole ham will of course depend upon the size of your family. For small families an eight or ten pound ham is all you will

That night for dinner, say it's Thursday, have the single slice broiled and serve with candied sweet potatoes, corn on the cob, and a good salad.

The next night being Friday, you'll probably want to serve fish, but on Saturday you can take one of the halves of ham, boil it till tender-then skin it, stick it all over with cloves, sprinkle sugar on it, and bake to a delicious brown. I know of no dish more appetizing than properly baked ham,

Why, even the fat will melt in your mouth. Vary the kind of potatoes and vegetables you had with the broiled ham two nights before, It will be almost like having a different meat.

If your appetites are not too great, there will be still enough left to have cold sliced ham for Sunday night supper. Or if you want a hot meat you can just pan broil some slices in a bit of fat in the frying pan.

Of course, Monday night you will want to give your family a change but on Tuesday you might take the ham bone out of the ice chest and discover that you could cut and scrape enough off to make some ham croquettes or timbales, which, when well, made, are very tasty and enough different from the three previous methods of serving the ham not to be irksome to the family's appetite.

In a Cool Pince.

In the meantime you have, of course, wrapped the other half of the ham in waxed paper and hung it in a cool, dry place until sufficlent time has elapsed so that you dare again to serve ham. It will keep a week or longer and tren the same procedure can be repeated. Or, if the family likes meat for breakfast, you can use the second half from which to cut slices to broil. Cooked ham in the house comes in very handy to make a ham omelette, too, which is a good variation from serving plain eggs.
I recently bought a ham of the

ily of three. There wasn't any riot

in the household or any ca'l for the

long as they are paid, while when once paid for, machines are yours as long as you can use them, Mrs. C. S. agrees with the writer. Her letter follows:

It's necessary now to do more housework, not buy everything ready. Every bit helps. Woman's work is worth just as much more now as man's. Where you saved 43-cent variety which cost \$3.98 for about nine pounds. I served the first half as I described for a fam-

50 cents it's worth \$1 now. It's erroneous to think you can't save by baking. I attribute my children's good health to the fact that they were raised on home cooking and baking. Canning is a great sayng. Needn't be the most expensive fruit. Wait till you think vegetables are as cheap as they will get. It has always paid us to put in our potatoes for the winter. They seldom get cheaper than they are in fall. Coal ought to be put in in fall. This buying in little dabs doesn't pay. And what a comfort to look toward winter with your basement filled with fuel and vegetables. In case of sickness, now much easier you'll have ft This hand to mouth business isn't profitable. Any man with \$100 baiary can do this, provided his wife helps him. By looking ahead a good deal can be done toward this.

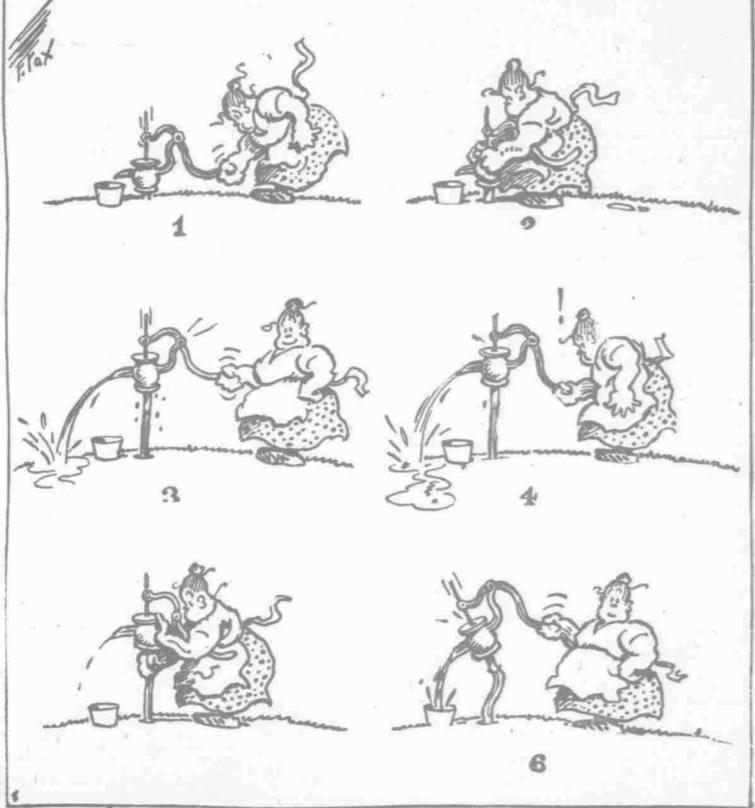
The Rhyming **Optimist**

By Aline Michaelis.

NOME fellows want a fortune and some others want a crown, some long to roam a foreign strand, some ask a house in town. Still others don't concern their beans with wants so high and vain; they only ask some mustard greens, a shelter from the rain. But I care not for one of these; in fact, from all I turn; I choose no life of gilded ease and mustard greens I spurm. Yet, I confess I have one hope, one dream I'll not resign; there's one career for which I hope, weep daily quarts of brine. I long to be the hero guy we see upon the screen who makes all maidens pine and sigh and turns all fellows green. They envy him his happy lot, his strength and his physique; they'd like to bean him on the spot and knock him out a week. He licks the villain with one hand, although the screen fan notes said villaim wears a dagger and a large sixshooter totes. He always finds the missing will, he lifts the mortgage, too; and folk all know they'll get a thrill when he heaves into view. It is his daily chore to save some troubled damosel, and, tho' the villain rip and rave, he does the job up well. If he should stick a burning brand in kegs of dynamite there'd be no fear in movieland but that he'd be all right. But not for reasons I've reviewed ask I the hero's part; I long to win fair Ermyntrude and clasp her to my heart. That's really why I thusly pine some day this part to play, so I may kiss the maid divine there in the fadeaway.

A piece of charcoal put into water in which onlone, cabbage and greens are being boffed will prevent the disagreeable odor that generally pervades the air.

The Powerful Katrinka and the Pump. By FONTAINE FOX.



(Copright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

DRINCE BISMARCK used to relate an incident which happened when he was staying with Frederick William the Fourth

"The guests," he said, "were asked to drink from an old puzzle goblet. It was a stag's horn holding about three-quarters of a bottle of wine, so constructed that one could not bring it-close to the lips, and it was a trick matter to drink from it without spilling any. I emptied it at a drafht, though it was filled with very cold champagne, and not a single drop fell on my waistcoat. Everybody was immensely surprised, but I said, Fill it again!" Evidently the King did not appreciate my success, for he called out, 'No, no more!' Such tricks were formerly an indispensable part of the diplomat's trade. They made the weaker ones intoxicated, wormed all they wanted to know out of them, and made them agree to things which were contrary to their instructions or for which they had no authority. Then they were induced to put their signatures at once, and when they got sober they could not imagine why they had

Legitimate Sport.

An anxious sportsman, his gun under his arm, was wandering down a country lane when he met a small boy making for school. "I say, my boy," he remarked, "is these anything to shoot down there?" The boy looked around for a moment and then answered with eagerness, "Ay, there's the skulemaister comin' over the hill!"

The Colorado Building Tragedy -HEN Mrs. Gertrude McDonald away from the policeman, apparently shot and fatally ently intending to attack the sister-

> Sister Accuses Him. Pointing her finger at McDonald, while they stood in the corridor, the sister said:

this, and you alone are responsible. There has been nothing but trouble ever since you have been in the "Shut up," McDonald yelled in

"You are alone the cause of all

another effort to get at his sister-in-law. "Why do you want to make a fool out of yourself." But the sister continued:

"You are the man who murdered her. Shot your own wife three

"You bet I did," replied McDon-ald, "and I did it because of you." The sister said that her brotherin-law had made the statement because she had induced her sister to leave him and come and live

"I would not let him beat her," she said. "He got her up on the ninth floor of this building on the pretext of making a settlement with her, so that she would go back and live with him, Instead of that he killed her."

Fit of Jenlousy. McDonald finally admitted to the police he shot his wife because of

McDonald's case came up in court the next fall Many revelations were made, the main one that Mc-Donald was a bigamist

It developed that McDonald was already married when he took the Washington girl for his wife. He had another wife in New York, it was proved. He was married in New York in 1899, and lived but one year with his wife. His real name was George A. Gilette.

After the trial in court had been in progress several days, the defense sprang a surprise by calling McDonald's first wife to the stand to testify in behalf of the accused, In order to save her daughter from the stigma of her father dying on the gallows, Mrs. Gilette told the court how during the first year of her marriage to "McDonald" he was struck over the head, and that it was her belief that McDonald was irresponsible.

Making Sure.

McDonald was given a life sen-

An ostler was sent to the stable to bring out a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of the two horses in the stable belonged to the traveler, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. traveler pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag." "Certainly, your honor, I know that very well; but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's!"

New Shock "Friends-yes, in a way we arethat is, we are pleasant acquaintances. But that does not mean that

would so far forget my sense of

honor as to tell her something that

would injure the character of an

innocent man. Oh, Aunt Adelaide,

don't you see what you have done?

You have started a story about

Smith, and it may stick to him as

long as he is here. Walter Jeffer-

son is just the sort of man who

will be only two happy to repeat

that tale everywhere to anybody

who will listen to him. And, of

course, everybody will listen. Oh,"

Pence Once More.

Mrs. Duffield tried to speak with

dignity, "Desiree, I think you for-

get yourself when you say such

things to me! I hope, in spite of

your suggestions to the contrary,

that I have as keen a sense of honor

as yourself. I am surprised at

Her voice broke and tears came

to her eyes. In an instant Desiree

was at her side and her arms were

"I beg your pardon, auntie," she

said contritely. "I forgot myself, as

you say. I did not mean to speak

so vehemently. Only"-with a lit-

tle quiver in her voice-"it does

seem a bit hard on Smith that such

him. And, you know, Helen is very

indiscreet. So is Walter Jefferson.

Helen would not willingly harm a

fly. Walter would, if"-with an

hysterical giggle-"he happened to

dislike the fly. And he dislikes

and tell her the truth about the

"No-no-please, auntie, say no more about it to anyone," Desiree

begged. She feared that her aunt's

zeal would make a bad matter

long and explain about it myself.

As to Walter Jefferson-I suppose he

cannot really harm Smith. And if

he does-why"-with a little catch in her breath-"it can't be helped-

"No, dear," her aunt agreed, "It

can't be helped. It is too bad, but

you must remember that Smith is

She stopped abruptly, her tardy

discretion reminding her that De-

siree did not know that the chauf-

(To be continued.)

BOOKS

For Juvenile Readers.

Violet Gordon Gray, Illustrated. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Com-

in is the second in a series of

books advertised as being written

for girls from ten to thirteen years

of age. Margery resides in a quaint

Quaker town in New Jersey. At

an early age she determines on a

career and decides to become a

mascot and bring good luck and

happiness to every one about her.

However, this turns out to be not

quite so simple as she thought.

Some of her efforts result in ludi-

crous mistakes, others in misunder-

standings, resulting in embarrass-

ment to Margery. She sticks to her

resolve, nevertheless, and plays the

game out to a successful finish.

MARGERY MORRIS-MASCOT.

feur's real name was not "Smith."

just a chauffeur, after all. And"-

that's all.

"I will see Helen before

matter," Mrs. Duffield began.

"Well, dear, I will call Helen up

story should be connected with

about her aunt's waist.

passionately, "how could you?"